

THE ABBEVILLE PRESS AND BANNER.

ABBEVILLE, S. C., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 20, 1873.

VOLUME XXI—NO. 19.

BY W. A. LEE AND HUGH WILSON.

J. B. & W. J. ROGERS,

WILL BE FOUND AT
NO. 2 GRANITE RANGE.

Are prepared to show to their friends a select Stock of Fall Goods, consisting of
Staple Dry Goods, Hats, Shoes and Boots, Crockery, Groceries & Provisions.
Also a Select Stock of Confectioneries.

Also a complete Lot of Confectioneries, consisting of
ORANGES, LEMONS, BANANAS, COCOA NUTS,
SARDINES, JELLIES, BRANDY PEACHES, OYSTERS,
CRACKERS, SHEET CAKES, CANDIES,
both French and Common.
We have on hand BAKING AND TIES, which we will sell low.
Come one! Come all! we think we can suit you.
Sept. 18, 1872, 53-47

"WANDO" and "STONO" FERTILIZERS.

FOR SALE BY
A. M. AIKEN, Agent,
GREENWOOD, S. C.
EARLY ORDERS WILL ENSURE PROMPT ATTENTION.
Jan. 15, 1873, 17

WALLER & BROTHER, MERCHANTS AT GREENWOOD, S. C.,

ARE now offering to the public in their new and handsome building, a full
line of all the Goods generally needed in this community.

THEIR STOCK OF DRY GOODS!

Have been selected with great care, and unusually attractive.

READY - MADE CLOTHING.

A FINE STOCK OF BOOTS AND SHOES.

A good assortment of
Groceries, Hardware, Crockery, and Glassware.

To which the attention of purchasers is invited. Give us a call.

WALLER & BROTHER.

Feb. 10, 1873, 45-17

Marble Works!

THE MARBLE YARD is removed from its old quarters to its new Work
Shop and handsome Office prepared expressly for the business on Main
Street, above the Marshall House. A fine stock of

ITALIAN AND AMERICAN MARBLE

Can always be found on hand, and all work warranted to be done in a superior
manner, and at prices low for the work elsewhere.

Also, a fine collection of Designs for MONUMENTS AND FANCY HEAD-
STONES, which can be furnished at short notice. Call and see our prices
and styles.

J. D. CHALMERS.

John Agnew,

SUCCESSOR TO
Carroll & Spellman,
Carriage Manufacturer,
Corner of Washington and Sumter
Streets.

COLUMBIA, S. C.

MANUFACTURES and keeps

constantly on hand a full stock
of CROCKERY, CHINA, GLASS, PUT-
TERIES AND WAGONS, all of which
is warranted as being at least equal to
the best made anywhere at the price.

Agent for the celebrated MILBURN
WAGON, made of timber seasoned at
least three years. Every wagon war-
ranted against breakage from defect in
material or workmanship. Those wagons
are made of all sizes and are sold very
low.

JOHN AGNEW, Proprietor.

Address M. J. CALMAN, Agent.
May 28, 1873, 7-17

Simmons' Hepatic Compound,

Or Liver Cure.

For all Derangements of the Liver,
Kidneys, Skin, Stomach
and Bowels.

This Compound is pronounced by Dr.
C. A. SIMMONS, who was the former
proprietor of Simmons' Liver Regulator
as being far superior to any Liver Pre-
parations bearing his name or ever
offered to the public before. It is put
up in liquid form, and is, therefore, always
ready for immediate use in cases of
violent attacks of Colic, Headache, &c.
Besides, by this means its proper pro-
portion is always guaranteed, and the
price within reach of all.

W. T. PENNEY,

Abbeville, S. C.
Price, \$1.00 per Bottle.
July 16, 1873.

REMEMBER THIS!

We continue to sell our Goods to
Prompt-Paying Men.

TERMS LIBERAL.
QUARLES & PERRIN.
Jan. 22, 1873, 41, 17

Gather the Sacred Dust.

BY FATHER RYAN.

Gather the sacred dust
Of the warriors tried and true,
Who bore the flag of our nation's trust,
And fell in the cause, though lost, still
just.

And died for me and you.
Gather them, one and all!
From the private to the chief,
Come they from hovel or princely hall,
They fell for us, and for them should
fall.

The tears of a nation's grief.
Gather the corpses strewn
O'er many a battle plain;
From many a grave that lies so long,
Without a name and without a stone,
Gather the Southern slain.

We care not whence they came,
Dear is their lifeless clay!
Whether unknown, or known, to fame,
Their cause and country still the same—
They died—and were the gay.

Whenever the brave have died,
They should not rest apart;
Living, they struggled side by side—
Why should the hand of death divide
A single heart from heart.

Gather their scattered clay,
Wherever it may rest;
Just as they marched to the bloody fray;
Just as they fell on the battle day;
Bury them breast to breast.

The foeman need not dread
This gathering of the brave;
Without sword or flag, or without sound-
less tread,
We muster, once more, our deathless
dead—
Out of each lonely grave.

The foeman need not frown;
They are all powerless now—
We gather them here, and we lay them
down,
And tears and prayers are the only
crown
We bring, to wreath each brow.

And the dead thus meet the dead,
While the living or they weep;
And the men whom Lee and Stonewall
led,
Together still shall sleep.

Interesting Correspondence.

Trip Across the Atlantic—Dots on the
Map—From Glasgow to Edinburgh—
The Cars—Delightful Trip—Long Days
—Familiar Temples and Statues—First
Street in Europe, &c., &c.

EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND,
18 ST. PATRICK'S SQUARE,
July 28, 1873.

Editor Abbeville Press and Banner:

I wrote to you from New York
and from this place, to notify you of
my safe arrival. I have been here
now several days, and have received
impressions—a host of them. I left
New York on the steamer California,
on the 12th of July. This is a fine
boat—an iron screw ship, 360 feet
long. I thus found myself sailing for
the first time under the British flag.
We passed down the harbor very
slowly, an occasional revolution of the
screw giving steering way, allowing
time for depositing in the hold of the
vessel such luggage as the passengers
would not require on the voyage.

After passing the bar and discharg-
ing the pilot, the mighty engine com-
menced its steady and continuous
throb, like the heart-beat of some
monster, not to cease for a moment
until within the harbor of London-
derry, Ireland. The course of the
vessel was from Sandy Hook direct to
Cape Race, Newfoundland, which we
passed very near—it presenting a
bold, rocky headland, without a tree
or a shrub. Our course was so far
North that we found it very cold, with
rain and high wind. I wore my over-
coat nearly the whole time. What a
time the light-house keeper at Cape
Race must have, if such is the weather
for July! When passing through the
Newfoundland fogs the steam
whistle was sounded every few min-
utes. I had a distant view of a whale,
or rather the spray spouted forth by
it when breathing. The passengers
appeared to enjoy themselves very
well, with cards, concerts, promena-
ding, etc. From the length of the ship,
there was very little pitching, and not
much seasickness. Eating time was
always an interesting one—at 7 in the
morning oat meal porridge for those
who wished it; at 8:30 breakfast; at
12 lunch; at 4 dinner; at 7 tea; and
supper at 10, if you wished.

On Wednesday we passed Cape
Race, and struck out for Tory Island
light, on the Northwestern coast of
Ireland, which we passed on the fol-
lowing Tuesday. On Wednesday
morning we entered the Clyde.

While on the coast not a tree or
shrub—the rocks covered with a green
moss. As we advanced up the Firth
towers began to appear, with neat farms
and country residences, then the
houses along the river are more nu-
merous, like one continuous street,
but presenting very little variety—a
two-story house, of light colored stone,
having three windows above and
one door and two windows below.
We passed an American man-of-war
steaming down the river as we passed
up. Also many a passenger steamer,
moving very swiftly—properly ferry-
boat. We were heartily cheered by
these steamers, as well as by crowds
along the banks, and from many a
window white handkerchiefs were
waved. I attributed it to their being
proud of their steamer, the Califor-
nia. At Greenock, twenty miles below
Glasgow, we took on board a pilot,
and were taken in charge by two
tug boats, one in front and one at
the stern, to assist in turning about
the monster.

We passed Dumbarton Castle this
morning. The Clyde, before reach-
ing Glasgow, becomes more like a
canal than a river. The banks are nice-
ly faced with stone, and it must have
cost an immense amount of labor to
deepen it as to allow a vessel drawing
twenty-two feet of water to pass up.

The building of iron ships here is
on a grand scale. I did not see a
wooden vessel on the stocks. It is a
tedious business passing the Custom
House officers, where there are many
passengers. The large American
trunks were well searched, but my
modest one passed very easily. The
officer pushed his hand down on one
side and asked pleasantly if I had
any cigars or tobacco. He then put
his mark on it, as well as on my hand
trunk, with a piece of chalk, and I
was free to land. I had no English
money smaller than a sovereign, so
that I had to make some American
dimes pass with the porter. I did
not tarry long in Glasgow, but took a
cab for the North British Railroad
station. My first expression was
What diminutive cars! They are
only wide enough for three seats, and
are entered on the side like a carriage.
Each car is divided into six compart-
ments holding, each six passengers.
I took first-class (five shillings and
six pence) for Edinburgh, forty-eight
miles, and found the seat comfortable,
roomy, lined with broad cloth, with
head rest, arm rest, and hand support,
like a carriage. The engine has a
smoke pipe three feet long for a smoke-
stack, although I have seen only
steam issuing from it. I suppose they
use the hard coal which makes but
little smoke. The cars are small, but
they have many of them, and they
go like a whirlwind. An old gentle-
man in the car with me, who had
come down from Edinburgh on busi-
ness on an express train and was
going back on an accommodation
train, complained of the number of
stoppages, when we made the forty
eight miles in less than two hours.
An express train passed us when at
a station; it was a sudden roar, a flash,
and it was gone. The old gentleman
with me on parting, and shook hands
with me on parting. He pointed out
the ruins of the old city of Linlithgow,
beside a beautiful sheet of water.
The Railway station is very near it,
and is called Linlithgow. The out-
side of the road is still quite green,
what is turning. No new potatoes
market yet. This is the season
for strawberries and early green peas.
The old gentleman asked me if I
thought their trees were small. I
could not but say that they were
they did not appear to be over thirty
feet high. Could the size of the trees
have anything to do with the size of
the cars and telegraphic posts, which
were about half as high as with us?

This railway was in first class order.
The rails were carefully fastened to
every cross-tie, and the whole was
firmly ballasted with rock. Every-
thing exhibited the reign of order,
neatness and dispatch. The guard
was in constant attendance, and saw
that every door was shut before the
train started. It was a delightful
trip, exhibiting the every-varying
scenery of a most beautiful country.

On arriving at the Edinburgh sta-
tion, an extensive structure of iron
and glass, a cab took me to the Royal
Hotel on Princes street, near the
magnificent monument to Walter
Scott, and facing the Castle. Here I
expect to remain several weeks and
have taken private lodgings after
staying two days at the Hotel. I
have a nicely furnished parlor facing
on St. Patrick's square, and bedroom,
for fourteen shillings a week, includ-
ing attendance and gas. Street
cars and omnibuses pass before the
door and a hack stand is close by, so
that as soon as I recover from my
fatigue and am strong enough for
sight seeing I can easily avail myself
of them. People here do not speak
of taking the street car, but the
tramway. The cars and omnibuses
have spiral steps leading to seats on
top, where the fare is cheaper. It is
a wonderful car not a car, but a
wonder of its kind. It is a
car adapted to the improvement. The
car itself is handsomer than with us,
and is accompanied mostly by ladies
and gentlemen. The office of the
conductor is no sinecure.

The days here are very long. The
sun rose this morning at 4:15 and
set at 8:30. On the 25th of June it
rose at 3:34 and set at 9:05 o'clock.
It rains frequently and the climate is
cold. The sky has not the deep blue
as with us, but is more the color of
their gray stone houses.

A funeral has just passed—the
hearse is as black as black cloth can
make it, surrounded by heavy black
curtains and surmounted by nodding
plumes, I suppose, but more like
scarce crows, drawn by two black
horses, the driver in black cloak with
streaming black hat band, preceded
by half dozen men in highland cos-
tume, playing on the bagpipes and
followed by gentlemen in black on
foot. Truly a funeral affair.

While standing on the day after
my arrival, near the national muse-
um on Princes street, the feeling
came strongly over me. Why this is
Athens, old Athens! I am amid her
temples and her statues. But the
one o'clock gun from the castle dis-
perses the illusion and I realize the
fact that the hand of genius has
thrown a glamour around me; that a
Scott and a Chantrey are living yet,
and can never die, bringing worship-
pers from a far away land to offer
their tribute.

This street is considered one of
the finest in Europe. It is a mile
long with handsome houses on one
side and gardens on the other. I
have so far seen monuments to Scott,
John Wilson, Allan Ramsay and
Wellington located on this street.
The Scott monument is 200 feet high
and rich in ornament.

MORE ANON.

The Australians never sue for di-
vorce. When a husband becomes
discouraged, he takes his wife to the
brow of a cliff to view the gorgeous
sunset, and over she goes.

To keep the chaps away—dress ex-
travagantly, and let it be known
there's no money.

Idleness is the key of beggary and
the root of all evil.

Life in Persia.

The New York Herald, which
now employs the most brilliant staff
of correspondents in the world, has
a letter apropos of the Shah's visit,
descriptive of life in Persia, from
which we make copious extracts.
Mr. Murray is a reliable writer,
and his accounts may be considered
as true and life-like, as they are in-
teresting:

THE SHAH AT HOME.

The little dark man in spectacles,
about whom so much fuss has been
made, was, and still is likely to be
for a short time, a very terrible
person indeed upon his own terri-
tory. There is no one to oppose
him—no middle class, no nobility,
no rich men; for the theory of the
Persian law is that His Majesty is
the universal heir of everybody in
his dominions. Every one who
holds any sort of power or authori-
ty is merely a creature of the Shah's
breath. He could make a
Prime Minister out of a water car-
rier and by a word hurl him down
as easily. His wrath is altogether
surprising thing to modern na-
tions. Now and then he causes
some solemn looking Khan to be
seized and tied with his face to a
donkey's tail. In this pitiable
plight he is marched about the cap-
ital, and his mouth is filled with
human excrement at every street
corner.

THE LATE PRIME MINISTER.

The Persian Prime Minister who
insisted on having his relatives
money, from the Maltese Stevens
was one of the most vigorous-
minded Oriental statesmen who has
been seen for some generations.
His rule was very firm, and upon
the whole beneficent. He rose to
great wealth and authority; for the
Shah, after a short trial at the be-
ginning of his reign, never inter-
fered with State affairs. However,
notwithstanding his ability and re-
sources, he was cut down to notori-
ousness in a single day. All his
connections were seized and sub-
jected to horrible tortures.

Few of the public men in Persia
have escaped the stick, and they
actually seem to like it. It is a
terrible punishment, consisting of
blows with stout stick, wielded by
stout arms and applied to the soles
of the feet. It makes the very nails
of them fall off, and obliges the
sufferer to keep his bed, (or rather
his carpet), in a recumbent position
for weeks or months. Nevertheless,
it carries no disgrace with it, and a
Persian Minister, once speaking
even in private with a British En-
voys, said meaningly: "The Shah is
a very great king; a very great
king indeed. Look at my feet!"
There was not a nail upon either of
them.

Not long ago the Shah used him-
self to sit in judgment after the
fashion of David and Solomon.
By a simple horizontal motion of
the right hand he ordered people's
heads to be cut off by the dozen,
and one of his courtiers sagaciously
observed that he always felt his
head to know if it was really on
when he quitted the royal presence.
One day, however, when the Rus-
sian Ambassador received an in-
dignity to present his credentials, a
bloody head rolled under his feet
and so startled him that he begged
such sights might not be forced on
him again. Since then the Shah
does his killing privately—but he
does it. Some years ago he had a
culprit cut into forty pieces. There
is really no law in Persia but his
will, and this energetic sovereign
is the potentate whom Europe has
delighted to honor.

THE BANDITS OF PERSIA.

It is quite true that living was
formerly cheap in Persia, and per-
haps it is still so as compared with
the prices of New York, Paris and
London; but it will be cheap only
so long as foreign consumers are
kept, as they have been hitherto
kept, out of the country, by the
difficulty of getting into it. During
half the year the roads are covered
by snow; for three months more
they are perilous from mud and
slush. In the hot season the sun
and the east wind beat pitilessly on
the traveler. There are no inns on
the way, nothing but a few empty
and desolate barns and posting
houses, which swarm with vermin
and afford nothing but a dubious
shelter. The wild tribes on the
frontier between Turkey and Persia
are always in movement, and wan-
der about in armed bands thousands
strong. They are ferocious and
filthy robbers. Woe to the snug
railway clerk or well fed engineer
of plump and rosy aspect who falls
into their hands. Some years ago
they caught an English attaché (a
Mr. Tod) and ate up his pomatum.
What was worse for him, they
made him eat some of it too, and
stripped him naked, tied him to a
horse's tail, picked him up behind
with a spear's point when he flag-
ged, and ultimately held him to
ransom.

Until the railways were made (an
end of the business which will
hardly come about in the present
century) everything which consti-
tutes the comfort of a civilized
household must be imported, and
land carriage is expensive. A Per-
sian generally marries at about
fourteen years of age, or as soon as
he arrives at the age of puberty.
If his family are in good circum-

stances and care anything about
him, his mother probably presents
him with one of her maids, and
there is a legalized marriage. The
result of these early marriages is
very noticeable. The passions be-
ing allowed absolutely free play,
and being neither unduly excited
and prematurely forced by high
living and strong drinks, or re-
pressed by any consideration of
conventional morality or local cus-
tom, produce a race of men and
women nearly all of the same size.
A natural phenomenon is very sel-
dom seen among them. There are
few or no very tall or very short
people; sickly and deformed chil-
dren, children with six fingers or
six toes, children subject to fits or
infirmities are almost unheard of.
A Persian has no need to hoar-
money to provide for his family.
He knows that they will always
find enough rice and melons to sat-
isfy their hunger, and he leaves the
rest to chance. He may dress
them, and his wives also, if he
pleases to amuse himself, in some
scraps of red and yellow satin; but
there is no public rivalry in dress
or equipage between females.
There are no wheel carriages to
flaunt fine feathers about; no tail-
ors' and milliners' bills to pay. If
a Persian likes to dress his wives
gayly, he only does so for his own
satisfaction; and they remain, re-
solute, shut up, or are supposed
to remain shut up, in the anderson
or woman's department, far from
the eye of enterprising men. As a
matter of fact, however, the

THE COURT OF PERSIA.

The Persian Court is the most
brilliant in Asia, and if any one
desires to know more precisely
what that may mean, in the present
day, it may be briefly described.
When a foreign envoy is about a
day's journey from the capital he
halts his caravan, and fifty-three of
the principal officers of the Court
go on horseback to welcome him
and to conduct him to Teheran.
They are very well mounted, but
will sell any of their best horses to
the Franks. In Persia a man's
rank is estimated by the size and
height of his horse. The Persian
magnates all ride tall horses of the
Turcoman breed, splendidly capar-
nished, with golden bits and saddle
cloths wrought with embroidery
and precious stones. Each mag-
nate has a cloud of armed servants
mounted behind him, and these fel-
lows gallop round and round in
circles to show off their horsemanship.
Their horse's tails are often dyed a
bright red, like to nothing in nature.
Their hair is also dyed from their
earliest youth with a mixture of in-
digo and henna.

TEHERAN AS A RESIDENCE.

It would be difficult to imagine
a more desolate place of abode than
the capital of Persia. It is a strag-
gling collection of houses, rarely
more than one story high, and there
is no part of the city, if it could be
called a city, which deserves the
name of a street or a square.
There are no places of public
amusement, no buildings of any
importance. The money which
should or might have gone to make
Teheran habitable is all in the
Shah's pocket. Indeed, it would
be in the highest degree dangerous
for a Persian to live in such a man-
ner to indicate to his government
that he might be squeezed with
good results. Now and then a sly
person treats himself to soft carpets
and delicate food, and he hangs a
few flawed and generally worthless
jewels about his waist; but he
takes care to preserve an air of
appearance of the utmost squalor out-
side his house, in order that his
luxurious mode of life may at least
attract no attention. There is in-
deed no way in which money can
be spent in Teheran. There is no
social life there—no parties, no
balls, no park or prairie or prome-
nade. When a man has bought a
few shawls and made them into
long robes, when he has got togeth-
er half a dozen horses and a few
wives, there is practically the end
of his tether. He may multiply
his female establishment if he
chooses to do so; but he very sel-
dom does choose to do it, because a
custom exists of taking wives upon
lease, or marrying for a definite
period. Concubinage, in the sense
of a disgraceful intercourse be-
tween the sexes, is almost unknown
in Persia. The Mahometan religion
allows of four wives to begin with,
and these wives are divorceable
upon easy conditions and for a va-
riety of reasons. Then a Persian
may contract for as many "legal-
ized" marriages as he pleases. That
is to say, he may take up ladies at
short dates and get rid of them for
a trifling pecuniary sacrifice, as
soon as they become too numerous,
or he has not room enough in his
house for them, or whenever their
presence becomes in any way in-
convenient to him. Therefore his
establishment frequently changes
without increasing materially in
the number of persons whom he
has to maintain at the same time.
These arrangements, of course,
have a marked effect in weakening
family ties and utterly destroy
hereditary rank and property. A
Persian gentleman may sometimes
count his children by the hundred,
and one of the predecessors of the
present Shah left nearly four hun-
dred of his recognized offspring
when he died. Some of them made
their way into the world and be-
came

PRINCE GOVERNORS OF PROVINCES;

some wandered about the country
as utter beggars. Persian children,
as a rule, have no claim on their
parents, and tumble up anyhow
with few clothes and no education,
which materially diminishes the
expenses of a family man. A Per-
sian generally marries at about
fourteen years of age, or as soon as
he arrives at the age of puberty.
If his family are in good circum-

stances and care anything about
him, his mother probably presents
him with one of her maids, and
there is a legalized marriage. The
result of these early marriages is
very noticeable. The passions be-
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and being neither unduly excited
and prematurely forced by high
living and strong drinks, or re-
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or woman's department, far from
the eye of enterprising men. As a
matter of fact, however, the

PERSIAN WOMEN

are kept very much like dogs in
Europe. A room or an apartment
is allotted to them. They are
left alone there and fed very scant-
ily at fixed hours. All the wives
of an establishment never live to-
gether, for they would certainly
fight if they did so. Sometimes,
but very rarely, two of them agree
well enough to keep company, but
it is generally found safer and
quieter to lodge them apart.

PERSIAN LADIES ARE TERRIBLE GAD- ABOUTS.

and in this respect they present a
remarkable contrast to the Turkish
women. Even at Constantinople,
where there is so large an influx of
foreigners, a lady seldom appears
in a Turkish woman is almost,
if not quite impossible; and
whenever it does happen by some
extraordinary chance, (such as an
abuse of confidence on the part of
a Frankish physician, who may
have been admitted into the harem,
it is nearly always followed by
murder. The Persian ladies, how-
ever, have no scruples at all in
their dealings with foreigners, and
no sooner has a smart young at-
taché or Indian officer arrived at
Teheran than he is pursued by let-
ters thrust into his hands in the
streets, and declaring in the
choicest language that he is a pearl,
a pomegranate, a rose, a star, and
that a lady who is dying for him
would be glad of a shawl worth
fifty toman, and burns to have a
private interview with him. Some
of the Shah's wives play these tricks
for shawls are among the current
coins of Persia, and the merchants
buy them back at a fixed price,
scarcely differing more from the
first cost than a French or Austrian
bank note after it has passed
through the hands of a money
changer. The poetical love letter
therefore merely means that the
sender is in immediate want of
about five and twenty pounds,
and is ready to come to any terms
for it. Now, if the young attaché
or Indian, being moved by too
much youth and reading, or by
divers romantic fancies, is disposed
to fall violently in love with a lady
whom he has never seen, upon the
strength of an epistle which has
been penned by her meezra, (a ser-
vant kept for literary purposes),
this is commonly what happens.
The first time he goes out he will
meet an old woman who will sign to
him to follow her into some un-
frequented part of the town, and
presently the lady who is bent upon
his conquest will pass by, rapidly
uncover her face and disappear.
After that he will be able to recog-
nize her, and when he comes home
in the evening from his constitu-
tional ride, he will probably find
crouching somewhere about his
stables a bundle of rags containing
a female voice, which whines pit-
tously for alms. His servants, who
know very well what is going on,
will tell him mysteriously that this
is a poor beggar woman, and that
she will follow him into his house,
crying aloud for charity. Once inside,
however, a singular change takes
place in her appearance. She
throws off her rags as suddenly as

COLUMBINE IN THE TRANSFORMATION

SCENE

of a pantomime, and stands before
him confessed as the lady of the
letter, who wants a shawl of defi-
nite value. She is usually a queer
customer, and opens proceedings
by laying her hands on every article
of portable property within
reach, intending to carry it off with
her. She is a little better than a
young savage in wide satin trous-
ers and nearly unclothed to the
waist. She is painted all over.
Her eyebrows are artificially black-
ened into the size and shape of
half moons as big as the rims of a
dollar and half an inch wide. More
blackening has been forced under her
eyeballs. Her eyes are dyed either
the color of ink or a bright red.
Her hands, feet, finger nails and
toe nails are stained a deep brown
by henna. Her lips are painted
scarlet, and she probably wears
some glass beads and sham jewelry.
She can sing a little, and usually
does so very oddly with her eyes
shut. She can chatter a great deal,
but she has no manners, no accom-
plishments. At home she passes

her time in eating sweetmeats, pull-
ing about her dresses and torturing
her maids with red hot pincers
whenever she has a fancy for it.
Very often this craze comes upon
her, and she does not always con-
fine her operations to her maids.
Not long ago a bag of gold toman
was mislaid from the house of a
European, who had taken a Per-
sian woman on lease. He observed
her with the theft which she had
not committed, and she suspected
one of his servants, who was equal-
ly guiltless. Being determined to
clear herself, however she enticed
the suspected servant into her
apartments and shortly afterwards
horrible yells proceeded from it.
She and her maids had thrown the
man down, trussed him like a fowl,
and then placed a pan of burning
charcoal beside him, in which they
heated a pair of tongs. With this
instrument they began to take
pieces out of his body, adjuring
him to confess as they did so. He
was at last got out of their hands
more dead than alive.

PERSIAN WOMEN

are kept very much like dogs in
Europe. A room or an apartment
is allotted to them. They are
left alone there and fed very scant-
ily at fixed hours. All the wives
of an establishment never live to-
gether, for they would certainly
fight if they did so. Sometimes,
but very rarely, two of them agree
well enough to keep company, but
it is generally found safer and
quieter to lodge them apart.

The best Persian houses are lit-
tle better than the stables at an inn.
The worst are more abominable
than the kennels of a dog fancier.